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A Valuable Letter of a Shipmaster

TO HIS SEA-FARING SON.

MY DEAR SIR:—Herewith you have the Letter to my son, or rather a copy of it, as you requested. I have heretofore declined having it published, as I have felt that publication would impair the force which the circumstances always attached to the private sanctity of *home*, would naturally give to it. But my son no longer needs the influences which were once so essential to his moral control. He is a *man*—noble in purpose and impulses, and with a deep tone of moral feeling and principle to guide him. At the time it was written he was wayward, and much about him, developed propensities, which, for a time excited lively anxieties. I feel a strong conviction that with the blessing of a kind Providence, the letter has been strongly instrumental for his good. The first time he ever saw or heard of it, it was handed to him, with all our family daguerotypes, on the morning of his second Sabbath at sea, by his captain, to whom they were privately entrusted for that purpose. He had just left

home on a three years voyage, a lad 16 years old, an utter stranger to sea life and to every soul on board, and he says now, that the emotions which he felt on so suddenly seeing the pictures of our familiar faces, and in reading our words of council to him, were indescribable.

Of course it cannot have to others the same interest which it has to us, but if you think that it may exert a wholesome influence upon a single other wanderer of the deep, you may publish it. If you publish it I think it would be well for you, in your own way, to introduce it with some brief explanations, which might give it interest; such for instance as the fact that it was written by a father, who had been himself a sailor and a shipmaster, to his *only son*, a sailor boy aged sixteen, bound on a three years' voyage; that the boy though then wild, wisely heeded the counsel, and that now, at the age of 22, instead of being as he would have been if he had discarded the counsel, a source of grief to his parents, and shame to himself, he is an honor to his profession, popular and beloved by shipmates, officers and owners, having rapidly passed through every grade

of promotion from the forecandle to the quarter deck; having the promise of a fine ship for his own command his next voyage; and filling the hearts of parents and friends with joy and pride in his noble, manly and christian spirit.

All this can be said of him in truth, and it might encourage others to follow the example. I speak not of him as I have, in a spirit of vain boasting, of course, for I desire you to suppress all names, and have drawn a pen across them for that purpose. * * *

THE LETTER.

Commended to the careful perusal, and its suggestions to the cordial adoption of every sea-faring son.

EDS. S. MAGAZINE.

Hartford, Sept. 1, 1849.

TO OUR VERY DEAR & ONLY SON:—

As you are about to leave your home, and the parental influence and care which have hitherto surrounded and watched over you from infancy; and to embark with strangers upon a three years' whaling voyage, your anxious parents wish to give you a few parting words in writing, by way of advice, in the full hope that you will recur to them often during your absence; that you will ponder them well in your heart, and make them as far as practicable the rule of your conduct and your life.

There can be no more sincere and disinterested friendship on earth, than that which exists in the bosom of parents towards their children. For their happiness they are willing to sacrifice much; for them they toil and struggle; for them they live, and for them if need be they would die. Believe us then when we tell you how earnestly we desire to do you good; to render you happy, both here and hereafter; and carefully regard the parting advice of those whose hearts are so devoted to your good, and whose earnest constant prayer will ascend to our kind Father in Heaven, that you may be blessed.

And first above all things else "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let the thought

of your accountability to Him, rest continually upon your mind and heart. This thought will enable you to resist evil temptation, and incite you to virtuous conduct. To "fear God and keep His commandments" is the whole duty of man; for if you are true to the duty which you owe to Him, you cannot then be false to any other duty in life.

Let us entreat our dear son to go to our common Father, often in prayer—ask His forgiveness for every transgression of his just and holy law—ask His guidance and direction in all the offices of life—ask him to strengthen your heart against temptation, and to preserve you and bless you, amid every peril and danger that may surround your path. For separated from us though you may be by distance, yet still let us be often united in heart around the altar of heaven. Let your prayers go up and mingle with our prayers before His throne, that both you and we may be the children of His grace and blessing and mercy.

Read His Word. It is a directory which he has given us that we may know the right way, in the perilous journey of life. In it are plainly marked out the paths of virtue, which are alone the paths of safety, peace and happiness; and the way of transgression is also as plainly indicated, and marked as the road that leads to unhappiness here, and eternal death hereafter. Let this blessed Book be then your guide, and your ways shall be the ways of pleasantness and all your paths shall be the paths of peace.

Shun as you would a pestilence, all intoxicating liquors—this source of madness to the brain—this ruin to health and character, to soul and body—this terrible scourge, so destructive to human happiness, and so peculiarly the bane and poison of the sailor's life. Touch not, taste not, handle not. Stand by your pledge and the principles of total abstinence amid every snare or temptation which may beset you. Wherever you are, and among whatever company, let it be seen and known of all that you have the moral courage and the self-respect, to prefer sober reason to

drunken madness. That you have common sense and principle enough to avoid this most fatal and dangerous of all the traps of the Devil.

Avoid the use of profane language for "God will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." One may be tempted to steal, or to lie, or to commit other crimes, by the hope of some fancied advantage—but for swearing there is no excuse. It is a wicked, wanton, useless violation of God's law, without the shadow of an apology. It is neither manly, polite, nor wise to invoke God's wrath upon you every hour; and that the sailor above all men, who sees so much of the providence and power of an Almighty Hand constantly around him, should indulge habitually in profaning and blaspheming the great and holy name of that Being, upon whom he is so dependant, is passing strange, and miserably foolish.

Avoid houses of lewdness and infamy. The association with pure, high-minded and virtuous women, has one of the most purifying, ennobling and happy effects upon the mind and heart of man. But on the other hand nothing so corrupts the heart, debases the character and destroys the health, both physical and mental, as the association of the harlot. Too many sailors seem to think that the time allotted them for liberty on shore, must be spent, almost as a matter of course, in the grog-shop and the brothel. Let your choice lead you into the company of respectable and intelligent persons, whom you will find in every port. Learn from them the modes and customs of the place—the curiosities and peculiarities, &c., &c., and note these facts in your journal, that you may thus be able thereafter to give an account of them, and to compare one country and place with another. In this way you will not only preserve your good reputation, and gain the regard of such strangers as you may thus fall in with, but you will return with a mind well stored with useful and practical knowledge, which shall make your company and conversation interesting, and sought for by the intelligent, while the

foolish and thoughtless sailor can only tell where, in all his voyages, dance-houses are the gayest, and where grog is the cheapest. You see the two paths here open before you—let your choice between them be the choice of wisdom.

Avoid the use of tobacco. You are now free from this habit, and if you are wise, you will remain so. It is very easy for you to abstain now entirely from its use in every form, but should you foolishly commence the habit of using it, you will find it hereafter exceedingly difficult to break from. It is always, to a greater or less extent, injurious to health, expensive in its indulgence, filthy in its effects, and disgustingly repugnant and offensive to good taste and good manners.

Avoid a rough, harsh and bluff manner of speech which will be your besetting fault, and is so to some extent already. Many young men seem to consider a rough, blunt manner of speech as evincive of decision and energy of character, and all the more so, if seasoned with oaths and imprecations. But this is a very great mistake. True energy and firmness are usually quiet, still and deliberate in their utterance. It is not the barking dog that bites, nor the noisy, boisterous officer or seaman who is most efficient or promptly obeyed. You will do well to bear in mind, in this particular, the example of our friend, Capt. ———, of the steamer ———. Never a harsh, rough word, as you well know, escapes his lips; all is quiet mild and pleasant in his tone and manner, and yet how perfectly is his every order instantly obeyed, and how like silent clock work is every regulation carried out on board his boat. He has true energy, and this is the mode in which true energy usually exhibits itself.

Read much and attentively. Occupy most of your leisure hours at sea with your books. Especially read books of a religious, moral, and standard intellectual character. This will store your mind with solid, lasting and valuable information, and fit you for future usefulness and happiness. Much of my own education was ob-

tained by a study of elementary works at sea, and under circumstances far less favorable than yours.—you are well supplied with a library and will have much leisure for its use. Recur often to your school books. Review the elementary principles of which they treat, and keep them fresh and familiar in your memory. Enlist as far as you can the minds of your shipmates in these studies, and cheerfully loan them your books, conditional always that they use them carefully. In this way you may be of much mutual aid to each other, and mutual conversation about what you read, and mutual explanations of your studies will be useful and interesting to you all. If you so conduct yourself as to secure the good will of your officers, and they are willing to instruct you, it would be my desire that you should acquire during the voyage a full knowledge of the theory and practice of navigation. This art I acquired during my first voyage to the West Indies, without any instruction except from books, and found it as you will, by no means difficult to master.

Be strictly obedient to the orders of your officers. Upon them rests the responsibility of conducting the voyage, and the care and safety of you all. It is the duty of the sailor to obey, without question or cavil, every order issued by proper authority, and to obey it promptly and cheerfully. In this way you will command the respect and esteem of your officers, will gain the goodwill of every right-minded shipmate, and, moreover, will soon become perfected in the full knowledge of all the duties of a sailor. For if you show a ready will, and a disposition to learn your duty, all will cheerfully instruct you. And remember, besides, if you look ever for promotion to the rank of an officer, that no man is ever fit to command who has not first learned practically the duty of implicit obedience to orders.

Be kind, cordial, and friendly in your intercourse with your shipmates. Treat each one as your equal, for here you all stand upon a common level and have equal rights and priv-

ileges. Domineer over none and suffer none to domineer over you, or others who are weaker. Let it be your law in the fore-castle to protect the oppressed against the oppressor, the weak against the strong, the right against might; and rally your shipmates always in defence of this principle, whenever it can be defended and enforced without actual violence. Contribute your full share of interest, instruction and amusement, tell your share of yarns, sing your share of songs, make your share of fun, and do your share of duty. In all innocent sport, amusement or mirth, have your full share; but in vice, in crime, or in any sin, have no share at all.

Keep a regular journal. You are well supplied with the means, and we wish to impress this duty upon you with great earnestness. We deem it of great importance to you every way. It will tend, more than you are now aware, to keep your mind active and observant of what is passing around you. And after you commence it you will become more and more interested in it during the whole voyage. Make daily entries of passing events, in a brief manner, but so as to preserve the fact. Such a journal properly kept would be to yourself and your friends hereafter a volume beyond all price. Let your journal be always open to the eye of your captain. This will prevent you from making entries which reflect upon the conduct of your Officers.—They may have failings and faults, but it is not your duty or your business to record them. Let it be rather your aim to forget them as soon as possible, and remember and record only your own faults.

Embrace every opportunity to gather and collect shells, coral, and every object of curiosity and interest, or which would be curious and interesting to your friends at home. Mark each specimen, and note in your journal when and where you obtained it. Much of your time on shore may be pleasantly and profitably spent in collecting these specimens, and the well disposed Islanders, seeing your interest in such matters, will cheerfully contribute to your aid. By thus oc-

cupping your hours of liberty, which might otherwise be worse than wasted on shore, you can easily collect a cabinet of curiosities which shall forever be an object of pride and pleasure to yourself, and a source of great gratification to your friends.

Sketch an outline of every Island and every prominent place, or marked point or headland which you may make, and state the date and its bearing and distance from you after the manner of this example,

[*View of the Pan of Matanzas.*]

These sketches are easily taken, after a very little practice; will afford you amusement as well as instruction, and will be of great interest, and perhaps of use, to yourself and friends in after years. Some twenty years ago, while employed in the West India trade, I sent to Mr. Blunt of N. York, some sketches of Islands which I had taken at leisure, and he presented me in return, a set of sea charts, of very considerable value.

Lose no opportunity of writing home, whether by direct or indirect conveyance. Have always a letter in hand in readiness to send by any vessel, or chance which you may casually meet with. You cannot conceive the anxiety which we shall feel for you, and the solicitude with which we shall watch for your letters. And you may in return depend upon receiving letters from us whenever we can see any possible chance or reasonable hope of their reaching you.

And, finally, our dear son, we commend you to the goodness and mercy of God, and bid you farewell. We have much more which we would wish to say to you, but the suddenness of your departure presses us for time. What we have already written has been the work of haste, but it has come from the hearts of those who love you, and cherish you, perhaps too fondly, in their hearts' deepest core. Whatever changes may take place in our little family circle, ere we meet again around our fire-side and altar, or whether we shall ever meet again on this side of eternity, is known only to him who holds our destiny in his hands.

With three revolving years, there may revolve great changes in our several conditions. To you, especially, are they full of momentous import, as occupying the most critical period of your existence. For as are the habits which you will form, and the character you will maintain, during this period, so in all human probability will be your habits and character through life, for good or for evil, for weal or for woe. Oh! that you may be wise enough to see those things which make for your temporal and eternal peace, before they shall be forever hidden from your eyes.

Once more, farewell. That God, our Father, would guide you by his good spirit into the ways of truth and life, that he would adopt you and keep you as his own in heart and in spirit, for time and eternity, that he would make you truly his by faith and repentance, as you are already his nominally by baptism, is the living hope and earnest prayer of your most affectionate and anxious PARENTS.

P. S.—Good bye, my dear Brother; pray to God to make you a good boy, and remember your little sister,

HATTY.

Terrible Tragedy

AND FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.

The *Germania*, a packet ship, Capt. Wood, sailed from Havre for New-York on the 29th of January last.

In Lat. about 42° 43' N. and Lon. 50° 28' W., on Feb. 28, a ship's boat was observed in the distance, rowed or steered by no individual, although human beings were plainly seen from the fore-castle of the *Germania*. She rose and fell with the waves, and was evidently at their mercy. Capt. Wood foreboded a tragedy, and lost no time in despatching a boat to the rescue of the sufferers on board the drifting craft. When it was reached a very shocking spectacle presented itself, and one which will never be forgotten by those on whose eyes it fell.

There were five people in the boat, of whom four,—and one of those a woman—were dead. A young sea-

man, aged 23 years, Thomas W. Nye, of New Bedford, sat among the bodies of his more unfortunate companions, his hands and feet terribly frozen, and his strength altogether exhausted by starvation. He could not rise without assistance; he could not move his feet when he had risen. They lifted him with care into the Germania's boat, and rowed back to the ship. Then they learned from the young sailor the whole of the terrible tragedy.

The packet ship John Rutledge, commanded by Capt. Kelly, of this City, and owned by Messrs. Howland & Ridgeway, sailed from Liverpool on Jan. 16. She met with severe weather, and fell in with ice, on Feb. 18, in lat. 45° 34' N., lon. 46° 56' W. The following day, about noon, she entered a field of ice, but cleared it. A few hours later she was precipitated against an iceberg, which stove a hole in her bow, into which the water poured in a volume. At sunset she was evidently sinking, and had to be hastily abandoned. Besides the crew, there were 119 passengers on board. When she sailed from Liverpool, there were 120 passengers, but one of them met with an accident before the ice was encountered, and died in consequence. There was only one cabin passenger; all the rest were in the steerage, and were a mixture of English, Irish and Scotch, but belonging to a better class of emigrants than those which usually land upon our shores. As soon as it was certain that there was no possibility of saving the ship, and that she must soon go to the bottom, her five boats were lowered, and as many of the passengers and crew as could find their way into them immediately did so. What food could be snatched up, in the extremity of desperation, was placed in the boats, together with demijohns of water and compasses.—Men, women, children, were huddled together, with no more covering than they had on them at the time of the encounter, and well nigh paralyzed with terror. The weather was very murky. A thick fog fell upon the heaving waves. When the last boat—the one found by the Germania—was

nearly full, and as the mate, Mr. Atkinson, and several others were about stepping in, it broke adrift, with the thirteen persons already in it, and the mate and his companions went down with the wreck. A wild cry rose: the five boats parted company; the shades of night enveloped the ocean; and when the morning broke, after many hours of suffering, the boat in which the young seaman Nye had escaped was alone upon the waves, with nothing in view but distant icebergs. Soon some loose floating ice was encountered which greatly impeded her progress, and in the struggle of those who rowed her, to get free from it, the compass which was on board was broken and rendered useless. Clouds overspread the sky, and a thick snow storm succeeded. They knew not which way to pull, and were seized with dismay. From the haste in which they were compelled to leave the sinking ship they had only been able to place on board a few pounds of small biscuit, and a demijohn containing a gallon of water. A small piece of biscuit was the daily ration appointed for each individual, and a draft of water could not be permitted to any one. A suck through the cork was all that could be allowed, and if any one obtained enough for a swallow, the demijohn was immediately taken from him, and he was deprived of his evening's suck. The consequence was, that on the first day out all on board were tormented with a raging thirst, which hourly grew more frightful and unendurable. The second day dawned and there was no sail, and neither of the other boats visible. Rain and snow fell, and the unfortunate creatures were nearly frozen with cold, in addition to the pangs of hunger and thirst. They kept up bravely, however, cheering each other. The women especially were brave. They always are in trying circumstances.

Day after day passed by, and on the fifth day, a woman, the wife of one of the passengers, died. They had no shroud to wrap her in, so they threw her overboard in her clothes. The hearts of the surviving twelve began to fail in earnest then. Many

were in a sinking condition, though they had tried to conceal it, but the sight of the first corpse plunged overboard unmanned them. The next day the husband of the woman died, and they threw him overboard. A huge shark had followed them for two days past, and when this second body was consigned to the waves, he dived deeply after it, and disappeared. That evening the provisions failed. There were no more biscuits, and the demijohn was sucked dry.

Early on the morning of the seventh day, two boys, who were brothers died, and shortly afterwards their father. There were three sharks in the wake of the boat now, but after these three bodies were thrown overboard, there was only one visible, and he soon dropped away and disappeared.

Some time during that night another passenger died. They threw him over at day-break.

On the eight day the boatswain died. Him they threw overboard.—All that were thrown overboard were in their wearing apparel, and were so disposed of, just as they died. On the same day another passenger died, who was the last that was thrown overboard. Mrs. Atkinson the mate's wife, died about two hours later, and after her, in quick succession, three other passengers. The young seaman, Nye, was the sole survivor, and he was so much exhausted that he had not strength to give his dead companions to the sharks. He sat frozen in their midst, and the boat drifted at the mercy of the winds and waves.

On the ninth day, the *Germania* came in sight, but he had not power to hail her, or to waive a signal. The drifting boat, as we have said, was fortunately espied, and the poor young fellow was received on board. He told his story, and Capt. Wood humanely resolved to look after the other boats. For two days he sailed to the northwest and the southwest, keeping watch. Thick snow storms fell during this time, but when they cleared away there were no boats to be seen. They had compasses on board. They had more food than the

ill-fated boat, from which Mr. Nye was rescued, but the weather was very stormy and cold during all those subsequent days, and their probable fate is one of painful conjecture.—We trust that we shall hear something of them. Some good ship may have picked them up. If they should never be heard of, then only one individual, young Nye, will have been rescued out of all the passengers and crew of the packet ship *John Rutledge*. And it is not even certain that he will recover. He remains in a very low state on board the *Germania*, now in our bay.

Thus in a single wreck at sea, have perished probably, under the most appalling and suffering circumstance *One Hundred and Fifty Souls!* The fate of the packet ship *John Rutledge* is too painful to be prolonged; too sad for comments.—The reader will therefore make his own reflections, remembering that this is but one of the many specimens of sorrow on the sea, distinguishing a winter of cold and storms.

Letters from Polynesia.

End of the year 1855; Run speak to that young man; Sailors good judges of preaching; Seamen and residents at Church; Irish Catholic sailors converted; Good effects of reading part of a book; Solomon and the Sailor seeking happiness.

HONOLULU, Jan., 1856.

Another year has closed. Its report for good and evil has gone to be registered in the book of God's Remembrance. Multitudes have had their account sealed up to the judgment of the Great Day. This has been emphatically true of seamen, among whom I am called to labor and preach the gospel. While it is ever wise to follow the example of the great apostle, "but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth into those things which are before, and press toward the mark for the prize

of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus." Still there are times and seasons when it is well to review the past. The beginning of a new year is such an occasion. In order that we may press forward in the discharge of our duties aright, it is becoming to review the past. It will inspire humility, and encourage hope. The labors of a Seaman's Chaplain, are such as require the constant exercise of a strong and vigorous faith.—The chaplain should be a hopeful man, not inclined to look upon the dark side of things. If so inclined, he will labor under a pressure of discouragement that will disqualify him for duty. His hearers are ever changing. I feel sometimes inclined to reason,—will any good be accomplished by such transient efforts, or can it be expected, that good impressions will be made upon minds averse to serious subjects, by a single exhibition of the truth? In answer to such distrustful reasoning, facts may be adduced to show that the word of life is not lost or forgotten, even by those who are seemingly the most thoughtless. A few weeks ago I received a letter from ——— Massachusetts, from which I extract the following paragraph:

"Excuse me for taking the liberty of writing to you, but I feel thankful to you and my God, that ever I came into your church to hear the word of God. When I was at the Sandwich Islands, in the U. S. S. 'Portsmouth,' myself and ——— went to the chapel, you named your text, it was "Run, speak to that young man." I thought you meant me. It touched my heart. I resolved to go again the next Sabbath. The words of the text were, "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way," &c. I was, after that, at the church every Sabbath until we sailed. Since I came home, I trust God has pardoned my sins, and I mean to serve him the remainder of my days."

I cannot now recall this young man, but I hope he is pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus.

In reviewing the past and recalling my labors among seamen, this fact

is clearly impressed upon my mind.

Sailors more than most other classes of men, remember "texts" and "sermons." A moment's reflection will explain the reason. Seamen do not hear *two texts* and *two sermons*, every Sabbath of the year; but only one or two texts and sermons during the whole year. Is it not natural to suppose, that the mind will retain *one text* much more readily than *fifty-two* or *one hundred and four*? It is a common practice with me to converse with sailors about the Chaplains and preachers whom they have heard in London, New York, Boston, and elsewhere. They are rather shrewd judges of pulpit performances, and know well where the gospel is not held forth.

The year that has just closed has witnessed the usual attendance at the Bethel, of both seamen and residents. My audiences on the Sabbath are made up of both classes. Unless a respectable portion of the foreign resident community was inclined to worship at the Bethel, I would find it quite impossible to conduct the public services of the sanctuary. Our Choir, Church and Sabbath School, must of course be made up from among residents, and it has always been a gratifying fact that so many were inclined to aid me, for I regard singers, church members, stated hearers, and *every Sabbath School scholar*, as so many helpers in the cause of influencing seamen to forsake "the broad road" for "the narrow path." There are now two other places of worship in English, in Honolulu. I refer to the 2d Foreign Church, the Rev. J. D. Strong, Pastor, and the Methodist Episcopal Ch., the Rev. W. S. Turner. Seamen often find their way to those places, and are cordially welcomed. I rejoice that seamen in visiting Honolulu may listen to the preached gospel, proclaimed by other of God's ministers. Some may receive instruction at those churches who are not inclined to visit the Bethel. Sailors are like other people, they like to hear the truth as presented by different preachers. I am always glad to see them at the Chapel, but if I see one

and another going elsewhere, I am also bound to rejoice, for I should do just so myself. With my present feelings, if I was a sailor, and should visit New York, I would go and hear several preachers, not only seamen's Chaplains, but I would call in at the "Brick Church," at "St. George's," also, at one or more places on the other side of the ferry—in Brooklyn. I think it would do those churches good to have a group of sailors snugly stowed away in some of their elegantly stuffed and cushioned slips. I think it would encourage those churches to give more for the seamen's cause. I am however, digressing.

During the year which has just closed, I can recall some gratifying instances, wherein the good seed of gospel truth has taken root. A young man, an Irish Catholic by birth, united with our Bethel church in December, who received good impressions at sea, from reading a volume of Barnes' Notes on the N. T. It took him many long months to divest his mind of Catholic prejudices and the force of early education. But at length he appeared to have come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was employed for a few weeks during shipping season, as a colporteur among seamen.

I recall to mind another case that was most remarkable. An English sailor, on board a California schooner, came to my house one dark and rainy night. He enquired for the minister of the gospel. His mind was in great agitation, occasioned by reading a book, or rather a part of a book picked up from the floor of a low sailor's boarding house in San Francisco.—After repeatedly visiting my study and attending religious meetings, his mind became calm, enjoying that rest which the Saviour gives to those who come unto him, and take his yoke upon them.

I will refer but to one other case. At our last Wednesday evening prayer meeting, I made some remarks upon Solomon's search after happiness, in the pursuit of knowledge, wealth, pleasure, music, architecture, dominion, &c. After sitting down,

a sea-faring man arose, and remarked that he had been pursuing the same plan. He had visited all parts of the world in pursuit of happiness, sought it in every possible way, but never found it until he obeyed the instruction contained in "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted."

I was intending to have written something about our Sailor's Home, and the Hospital, but I must defer these topics for my next.

Yours, S. C. D.

Sydney Smith on Teetotalism.

Sydney Smith, in spite of his reputation and habits as a diner-out, gives some very excellent advice on the subject of temperance. In one of his letters he says he never knew a gentleman who ate or drank as little as was good for his health. In the following epistle to Lady Holland he speaks still more decidedly in favor of abstinence from all fermented liquors.

"*My Dear Lady Holland*—Many thanks for your kind anxiety respecting my health. I not only was never better, but never half so well. Indeed, I find that I have been very ill all my life without knowing it.—Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a plough boy. If I wake, no needless terrors; no black visions of life; but pleasing hopes and recollections; Holland House past and to come! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks and make greater exertions without fatigue.—My understanding is improved, and I comprehend political economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood, or look out for some one who will bore and depress me. Pray leave off wine—the stomach quite at rest; no heartburn, no pain, no distension.

Yours, SYDNEY SMITH."

Extracts

From the Diary of the Missionary among Seamen in the Port of New York.

No correct journal of the every-day incidents and experiences of missionary labor could be given to the world in detail, in such a manner as to escape—from those who are without—the charge of egotism on the one hand, or of ostentatious display on the other. But this tendency on the part of the uncharitable, to impugn motives—however trying it may appear to the humble and retiring christian, who shuns the glitter of display—must not interfere with a faithful presentation of many of the facts which lie patent in the field of Missionary effort. And this, for the very reason that it is due to those who give of their substance, to sustain laborers in those portions of the Lord's vineyard in which they cannot put forth personal effort, that an account should be rendered to them again. Moreover it is due to the church, that the conquest gained by any of her sons or daughters, over any part of the enemy's forces, should be faithfully reported for her encouragement. Hence no apology will be considered necessary from the editors, for the giving of publicity to that which our good Bro. Ola Helland, with his unostentatious piety, would, but for a sense of duty be inclined to withhold. We cull the following:

Jan. 7th. Visited Sailor's Home and four families, and induced one seaman to sign the temperance pledge. Attended the Norwegian meeting this evening. Three Norwegian seamen, who had been met in the street and invited, came to hear the word of life and were so interested that they promised to come again. It was a blessed meeting. It was good to be there.

Met and conversed with a Norwegian sailor who is blind. He is but 28 years old. Eighteen months ago disease fastened upon him, and gradually he lost his vision entirely. His story is a simple one, yet one often told. He stated that his mother died when he was three days old. His

father, who was an officer in the army, had him tenderly reared, and could have given him a liberal education. But at the age of ten years, never having felt a mother's restraining influence, he determined to go to sea, ran away from home, plunged recklessly into the vices of sea life, and became an adept in sin.—The result is. He is now an orphan, his father having died since he left home; blind, friendless, homeless, and in a land of strangers, and what is worse than all, has "no hope," and is "without God in the world."

Jan. 11th. Visited Sailor's Home and two Boarding Houses on the North River. Conversated with three seamen about their souls. One of them a Norwegian. In the evening attended prayer meeting. Three seamen professed to have experienced the pardon of their sins since our "Watch night." They talk like men who have felt the power of God in their souls. Many others testified of the love of Christ. It is evident that there is a work of grace going on among seamen such as has not been witnessed for the last 17 years. O praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works among the sons of the sea!

12th. Visited Sailor's Home and seven sailors boarding houses. Conversated with thirty or thirty-five seamen on the subject of religion. Some of them treated me very roughly.—This is the exception, not the rule.—Seamen generally are civil, to say the least. Three Norwegian seamen came to my office to make the important inquiry, "*What must I do to be saved?*"

Sabbath, 13th. Attended our nine o'clock prayer meeting at the church. After meeting went to the Sailor's Home and induced five sailors to come to church. Attended prayer meeting again at the church at three o'clock and at six o'clock, and brought many seamen to the service in the evening. The day's work may be summed up by having attended three prayer meetings, two sermons, and saw *ten sailors rise and ask the people of God to pray for them.*—The end is not yet!

16th. A Norwegian seaman came to my office this morning and signed the temperance pledge. A Swedish sailor who accompanied him also signed. Prayed with both of them, and spoke of the love of Christ to their souls. In the evening went over with them both to the Bethel Ship. On the way the Norwegian stated that he had now recovered his speech. Before he was dumb before God on account of his sins. But now his tongue is loosed. He was happy to say that God had forgiven his sins, and that he could now praise him for his long suffering and tender mercy. In the meeting he rose to tell of his conversion. His address indicated an extensive knowledge of the Word of God. He spoke to the point. He had been in great distress in view of the judgment. But he thanked God that he ever came to New York to hear of a crucified Saviour, whose blood cleanses from all sin. His conduct previous to this had been almost alarming. I began to fear that he had committed some great crime, he could not sit still, indeed, sometimes he seemed to be beside himself. One day he bade me good bye six separate times, and yet did not leave. But now, blessed be God, he is clothed and in his right mind. He states to me that two years previous he had been serious, but obtaining no relief, be determined to avoid the Bible, the Church, and religious people. Yet, through the influence of one of our cards he was induced to come to my office, and the result is now his hopeful conversion to God.

A Good Sermon

FROM A GOOD SOURCE, ON A GOOD TEXT.

We clip the following from "The Friend" for January, published at Honolulu, S. I.

Would that more of our Sea Captains were preachers of righteousness.

No instrumentality could be better adapted to promote a thorough and general reform among seamen.

"AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

About one year ago, a shipmaster by the name of Elliot, commanding a

merchant vessel lying in this port preached an excellent sermon from the text, "And who is my neighbor?" It is seldom that we enjoy the privilege of listening to a sermon, but whenever the opportunity occurs we never fail to improve it. The sermon to which we now refer was a most timely effort. Capt. Elliot being a shipmaster, and having been connected with the N. Y. Sailor's Home, his remarks fell with peculiar weight upon the mind. We would add by the way, that he was a local preacher of the Methodist Church. He spoke as one practically acquainted with the subject of Sailor's Homes, and showed their importance so clearly that we have ever since felt that the experiment should be fairly tried in Honolulu. He showed too, most clearly, that all shipmasters were clearly bound to promote in every possible way the establishment and support of these institutions. His final appeal to his brother shipmasters was so truthful and touching, that we have always regretted it was not committed to writing and published. In his address to landsmen, he showed too, most conclusively, that the sailor in a scriptural sense, *is the neighbor of every christian man* and furthermore that the landsman should not act the part of the Priest and the Levite, but that of the Good Samaritan. Should these lines ever fall under Capt. Elliot's notice, we desire to express our sincere thanks to him for that sermon. Its influence has been operating, for good upon the mind of one at least, during the past twelve months.

Panama

AS A STATION FOR WHALE SHIPS.

Panama, March 18, 1856.

Are captains and owners of whale ships fully aware of the great facility afforded by the Panama Railroad, for sending their oil and bone to New York, and other ports in the States, as also for supplying their vessels with stores? As the road has been in full operation only a little more than a year, it is probable that they are not fully aware of the facts.

Let them know, then, that in no other way can they get their goods so quickly and cheaply into market, or supply themselves with needful articles so easily, as by this Railroad. The advantages of sending by this route appear in almost every point of view. First, by no other route can they send oil to New York at so small an actual expense. The Railroad Co. have erected a wharf at which vessels of three hundred tons can lie in perfect safety, grounding at low tide in a bed of soft sandy mud. They have also a line of sailing vessels from New York to Aspinwall, by which they engage to carry oil to New York, receiving it at said wharf in Panama, for eight cents per gallon. This includes all expenses, except insurance. Or they will carry it for nine cents, and receive it at the ship's side in this bay. Now I am told by those engaged in the business, that it costs them nine cents, or more, to send it round the Horn in sailing vessels, from Honolulu.—But this is not half the story. At Honolulu shippers must be content with such vessels as may offer for freight, good or bad, and as these Pacific waters are unfavorable to the durability of vessels, many of those offering are hardly seaworthy, and the consequence is, they must put into Valparaiso, or Rio, or some other port to refit, repair and get supplies, all which, besides taking much time, is also very costly. But at Aspinwall good vessels will be always at command, or the owners of the whale ships can freight vessels of their own to Aspinwall, and have them ready there to bring home their oil, &c.—Now in this way, cost may be saved, both in ordinary expenses and repairs, and also in insurance, for this, from Aspinwall to New York, should not be more than one-third part as much as from Honolulu.

Then another important point is *the time* to be saved by this route. I need not say to business men, that this is no unimportant matter. By this route, oil can be carried to New York in twenty-five days, often in twenty, while the other route requires from four to six months for ordinary sailers. In calculating the advantages

of this saving of time, we must remember not only the fact, that the market is thus more under command, (and often now, a cargo of oil would bring far more, could it be had in season for a scanty market,) but others also; the waste from leakage would be nearly all saved by this route; the danger to the vessel and cargo from storms is so much less, as is the time spent in the voyage,—yes, much less, because by this route, the most dangerous places are avoided. Of course insurance will be lessened, with the lessening of time and danger.

Then as to this port and its advantages. It is not so near the Arctic fisheries as Honolulu or San Francisco, but this need make little difference, as the time of departure, would of course depend on the distance to be run. Besides, the fishing grounds are continually changing, and where whales will be most abundant five years hence, who can tell. There is also a good deal of fishing to be done in this vicinity. From Buena Ventura to Costa Rica, sperm and hump-backed whales abound. A short time since, while a Sandwich Island schooner was at anchor here, her boats chased two whales, and captured one, in sight of my study windows.

Panama is a free port, also, no dues are required of vessels, except, perhaps, ten dollars for the Port Captain, as a certain official is called.

Again, *Panama is a very healthy port*. I know what I say, for I have lived here four years. The old stories about the mortality of the laborers on the Railroad, were wonderfully exaggerated. But I have not time to argue this point now, I only say, and I can prove it by statistics, if needful, that the harbor and city of Panama are not unhealthy places for the crews of whalers, or any other vessels. Among my own flock here there has not been a death or case of dangerous illness, for more than a year past. No place in the world is safe on the score of health, for *dissipated* seamen, but the temptations to dissipation here, at present, are far less than in New York, and probably no greater than in Honolulu. I suppose it will require time, but after a while the old notions about the sick-

liness of this port will be forgotten, as all fables should be. As to the anchorage, and safety for vessels lying here, I hardly need say they are very good.

And not only can oil be sent home from here cheaper and quicker than from any other port, but this also presents nearly as great advantages for repairs and supplies, as for the other. There is no dock here, but there is a gridiron, which takes vessels of any size, at high tides, and leaves them out of water for six hours and more, at a time, twice a day, so that any repairs can be made here. There are also works at Taboga for making all repairs, &c., needed by large steamers. As to the stores, tackle, &c., needed by whaleships, there is at present no large supply here, but let it be known that this is to be the rendezvous for such vessels, and in a short time there would be no lack.—A good plan would be for several firms in New York or other places, to unite in establishing a depot here, for their own ships, as well as for selling to others. Some articles of food San Francisco can furnish at Honolulu cheaper than they can be obtained here, but most useful articles can be obtained here, and all, at a small advance on New York prices. Besides, this is naturally an agricultural country, and in a few years will furnish an abundance of many things cheaper than they can be got any where else.

J. ROWELL.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Good News.

I was very glad to get the following item from the Steward of the U. S. Ship Cyane, a few days since:—

"There is a very good set of men on board, for out of a crew of nearly two hundred *there is only thirty-one who drink ardent spirits*, and a great many of the crew belong to different Temperance Societies in New York and Boston. And instead of the licentious songs generally heard on board these ships, you will find men sitting between the guns every Sunday night, singing some old but

beautiful hymn, and to hear it in the night air, given with the most beautiful effect, is indeed delightful. The men indeed seem to think that they have got something to live for, and appear to feel as though they were looking forward to another, and a better world."

What a shame it is that the United States Navy is a Grog Shop! And that the United States Congress keeps a dogery! It is nothing else, smooth it over as it may be.

I have had the honor of preventing some from going into the Navy, and so long as my fellow creatures are to be insulted with the Grog Tub I will prevent all I can, I care not how much the Navy needs men.

If Congress wishes *good men* in her ships she has got to abolish the rations—the sooner the better.

J. B. R.

A Miracle of Depravity and of Mercy.

WE extract the following sketch from "THE HILLSIDE CHURCH," an interesting and useful volume by Rev. Dr. Chickering, of Portland, Me.—Such illustrated truth has the twofold power of precept and example. It is the philosophy of christianity in the church, the family, and individual life. We welcome all such "Pastor's Sketches," as admirably adapted to lead men to Christ, and promote their personal piety; and pray for their widest circulation.

J. M——, was employed one summer on the "well conducted farm." Odd and uncouth in his appearance, he yet exhibited a knowledge of the world, which gave him a certain consideration and influence among his fellow-workmen.

It was also soon perceived, that he was not ignorant of spiritual truth.—He loved our places of social prayer; and in a blunt, sailor-like way, would tell us of his previous life, as well as of the comfort he felt in being once more "at anchor," where he could worship with God's people, and

enjoy that quiet, from which a roving life had long debarred him.

He had been brought up, if not from infancy, yet in quite early life, among the Dunkers, or Tunkers, in the western part of Pennsylvania; his parents being, I think, on both sides, of Scottish extraction. His mind was early possessed by some rather crude religious notions; the combined result of natural conscience, and imperfect, if not erroneous instruction.

Having told a falsehood, and soon after being in a field at work, and seeing a thunder-cloud rising rapidly, with its loud mutterings, preliminary to its nearer crashing sound, he fled in great terror, fully believing that he saw the form, and heard the voice of God. Well would it be for all better instructed children and youth, if they more frequently remembered what that Being whom he ignorantly feared, has said in His Word, concerning liars.

The young readers of these pages are too well instructed to be terrified in the same manner as was this ignorant youth, with the idea that they see God, or hear his reproving voice. But let them never forget that He sees and hears *them*. May they all guard their lips and their hearts against the slightest beginnings of this dreadful vice.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we venture to deceive."

Going further west, he fell into all the evil ways of those around him; his superstition giving place to recklessness, until, according to his own confession, he was amongst the vilest of the vile.

But the old saying: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," is often found true in relation to extremes of human wickedness, and the riches of divine grace, as well as in the more usual signification of the phrase. J. M.—found it even so.

Finding his way to New Orleans, under some false pretence of competency to pilot a flatboat down the river, a feat, which to his own astonishment, he safely accomplished, he pursued his career of vice, in the new character of a sailor. This was then, still more than now, the high road to

ruin; and there were not, as now, houses of refuge along the dangerous path.

But then, as now, *God* could make the wrath of man to praise him. A grand principle of compensation seems to pervade the spiritual, as the physical world, according to which, the lack of visible means is often made up by special power from on high; and sailors come home from that great and wide sea, which is generally barren of religious privileges as of vegetation, rejoicing in that Saviour, of whom their friends on land have been hearing in vain.

Having by some means become part owner of a brig and her cargo, both together of no great value, but sufficient to absorb all his savings, he entered into a wager with the captain of another vessel, as to the time of arriving at Verra Cruz, whither both were bound. He closed the agreement with the rash and profane declaration, that he would be in Vera Cruz first, or be damned, or sink the brig.

They sailed; after passing the bar, the wind blew fresh and fair. The other vessel was in sight. M., to use his own sailor phrase, "cracked on," giving all sails and all fear to the winds. The overstrained masts bent. The rotten rigging straitened. The old hull rose and plunged with somewhat of its ancient buoyancy and grace.

But one blast of the wind, and one roll of the brig, proved too much.—The rigging yielded; the masts went by the board; and in their leap and crash, they so strained the crazy hull, that the terrified crew had just time to clear and enter their boat, when the vessel made her last plunge, filled, and sunk to the bottom of the gulf.

M. was not even able to step into the cabin to secure a change of clothes. Even the pockets of the storm suit he had on were empty, except that they contained a small supply of the inseparable companion and bane of many sailors, and landsmen too, that filthy weed tobacco.

In scarcely a longer period than is required to write the paragraph, this

wretched man found himself, and his crew, in a small boat on a rough sea, with no earthly possessions, and only a possibility of being safely taken on board the other vessel.

This was accomplished with the loss of one man, his mate and special friend; whom he left the last in the boat as he climbed upon the deck, and turning round saw the boat swamped, and the man washed away. So greedy is the all-devouring sea.

Bitter, indeed, were his reflections, as they sailed onward to Vera Cruz. On his arrival, he went to the American Consul, and took the necessary steps for the relief of his men; and then, utterly refusing all provision for his own wants, he wandered in almost a frenzied state down to the landing.

Just then, a boat came ashore with some sailors from the vessel which had rescued him; and as he sat, despairing and wretched, he overheard one of them saying to an acquaintance: "There is the man who swore he would get to Vera Cruz first, or be damned, or sink his brig; God Almighty was too good to damn him, and so He only sunk the brig."

These words pierced his heart as with an arrow. This was his own language; but we may rather compare them to a friendly probe, soon to be followed by the healing balm of His grace, who wounds but to make whole.

He immediately left the city, and wandered over the sandy plains which surround it, in a state of mind bordering on distraction. When almost famished, he was discovered by a benevolent man, whom he took to be a priest; and although no verbal communication could pass between them, yet the strangers kindness touched and cheered his heart.

The spell of despair was broken; despair, which promotes nothing good, but brings forth evil, and only evil, and that continually, by perpetually reproducing itself; unless, through grace, trust and hope replace its dark shadows in the heart. An effect seems to have been produced upon his mind, similar to that described by a traveller in Africa, who was en-

couraged by the providential care shown in furnishing a small tuft of moss with sufficient moisture to preserve its vitality amidst the apparently arid sand,—roused himself to new exertions,—found a spring,—drank,—and was saved.

So this poor, forlorn and abandoned sailor, feeling himself an outcast from God and man, his heart pierced with a sense of ingratitude, and hardly daring to hope that God would yet bear with him, or hear his cry for pardon, was suddenly checked in the desperate exposure, which must soon have ended his life, and led by human kindness, to hope in that divine mercy which awaits the chief of sinners, if truly penitent.

This prodigal son came to himself and sought his offended Father.—Peace dawned in his dark and troubled heart. The details of his history between that time and his presenting himself as a worshiper and Christian brother at the Hill-side church, are not recollected; nor is his subsequent history known.

But we were impressed, as the reader may be, with this true instance of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners." It may teach us never to despair; and remind us of the important agency of the goodness of God in leading men to repentance.

The thought uttered in a spirit of profane levity, by a fellow transgressor, that God had been "too good" to take him at his word, was the sharp arrow that penetrated the brazen armor of this bold bad man's heart.

And it was this same "goodness," as illustrated in the kindness of a brother man, that changed by the power of the Spirit, remorse and despair to penitence and hope.

Had not God been "too good" to cast us off without further opportunities and calls to repentance, where should we have now been? Our account, if rendered not with joy but with grief, will doubtless be far more grievous than would have been that of the ignorant man, neglected in childhood, and unrestrained in youth, whose sins against the goodness of God thus alarmed and humbled him.

Let none who have been forgiven be weary, either in prayer or in well-doing, for the good of others. And let none who read these pages, however abandoned to sin, or apparently forsaken of God and man, despair of finding help from both.

Whose case can be more desperate, to his own view, or to Christians of little faith, than that of this reckless outcast? When he was thoroughly humbled he was quickly and highly exalted; not in a worldly respect, for he was still a poor laborer; but raised to newness of life in Christ Jesus, who says, ever in His word to all sinners: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Many have supposed themselves to be the chief of sinners; a very natural conclusion for an awakened conscience, while taking cognizance of the guilt of only one transgressor of the divine law.

But if all were greater sinners than the greatest that has ever lived, the fountain is large enough to wash away all their stains; and there need be no miracle of depravity, without its corresponding miracle of mercy.

Suffering at Sea.

The *Savannah Republican*, Feb. 25th, says:—"The bark Ward Chipman, whose arrival here yesterday morning is reported under our marine head, had a long and tedious voyage, attended by much suffering on the part of her crew. She left Malta on the 5th of November last, and on account of heavy weather, was one hundred and ten days at sea. Her captain died on the 20th of December, and was buried on the 24th. The vessel subsequently ran short of provisions, and the crew were reduced to an allowance barely sufficient to sustain life. Their supply of meat had become entirely exhausted, while a pound of bread each per week constituted their rations up to the 12th of February. There were two dogs on board, to which they were compelled to resort. One of them had been consumed, and the other was being dressed, on the day last mentioned, when the American ship

Evening Star, bound from Antwerp to New Orleans, hove in sight and came to their rescue. She supplied the starving crew with provisions, and put on board Mr. Robert Beck, as acting captain, who brought her into this port. They spoke several other vessels before falling in with the Evening Star, but could get no answer.

Deaths in the Pacific.

April 7th, 1855, on board ship Nassau, James Weeks, belonging to Henderson, N. Y. His disease, the typhoid fever. At the time of his death the vessel was three day's sail from Guam.

Lost overboard and drowned, Dec. 27, 1854, William Burns, cook of ship Robin Hood. On board the same vessel, July 22, 1855, John H. Launise, fell into the cooler or deck-pot, and was badly scalded, living only thirty hours. He belonged to the city of New York. He was buried upon the Shanta Island.

On board French whaleship, Ville de Reine, Nov. 25th, William Cound, an American sailor belonging to Boston. His disease was the scurvy.

At U. S. Hospital, Honolulu, Dec. 1855, Mr. William Bradley Lewis, a native of Western New York, where he has friends now residing, and also in Wisconsin, for many years an officer on board different whaleships.

On board of the Ontario, in the Ochotsk Sea, Aug. 10, 1855, James Garnet, of East Hampton, L. I. He was buried in Dinmore Bay, and the funeral service was read over his remains by Capt. B. Lamphere, of the Lagoda.

P. S.—Only a few days subsequent (Oct. 7th), Capt. Lamphere was drowned, and his body never recovered.

In Marine Hospital, Nov. 19th, of dropsy of brain, John Walker discharged from bark Fanny.

Nov. 22nd, of Consumption, Wm. Parmlee, carpenter of ship Wm. Tell.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Missions among Seamen.

On Sunday[night, the twelfth Anniversary of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York, was celebrated in St. Bartholomew's Church, (Rev. Saml. Cooke) in the presence of a very crowded congregation. Rt. Rev. Provisional Bishop (Potter) of this diocese presided. A number of clergy assisted the Rt. Rev. President in the services.

THE REPORT.

After evening prayer, which was said at half past seven o'clock, the annual report of the Managers was read. We learn therefrom that the operations of the Board are mainly carried on by the three Missionaries, the Superintending Committees of the two Chapels, the Advisory Committee to the Missionary at Large, and the Committee Superintending the Home.

At the Chapel of our Saviour, (foot of Pike-street, E. R.) there have been during the year 73 Baptisms, 18 persons confirmed, 29 marriages, 15 admitted to the communion, and 99 buried. There have been distributed 109 Bibles, 300 Testaments, 165 Prayer Books, 1,600 volumes of religious works, and 100,000 pages of tracts. The Board have purchased for \$4,950 the bulkhead at which the

Chapel has always been moored. At the Chapel of the Holy Comforter, during the first eight months of the year, there were 18 Baptisms, 14 Marriages, 7 admitted as Communicants,—there being 52 in all—and 15 attended to the grave. There were distributed 390 Bibles, 248 Prayer Books, 100 Miscellaneous Works, and 25,000 pages of Tracts. The Missionary at large, during the year, has held 72 services at Coenties slip, baptised 17 infants and buried 5 persons. He has distributed 12 Bibles, 78 Prayer Books, and 92,878 pages of Tracts.

During the year there have entered the Home about 700. Many have shipped, some have gone to their friends. There have been relieved 100 distressed seamen. There have been deposited in the banks, or sent to friends, some \$6,000. The average full attendance at each service, as well as can be ascertained, is as follows: At the East River Chapel, 100; at the North River Chapel, 70; at Coenties slip, 150, and at the Home, on Wednesday evenings, 20.

From the Treasurer's report we learn that the total amount expended at \$10,063 93 This sum has been met by the ordinary receipts through collections in Churches, annual subscriptions and donations, and the extraordinary receipts through bequests made to the Society. The reports all urge upon the friends of the Mission

to contribute to its support, and collections for that object will be taken up in several churches on Sunday morning next.

THE SERMON.

The sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. the Bishop (Hopkins) of Vermont, who took his text from Jonah, 1 ch. 6 verse.

"So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him, what meanest thou O Sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

THE SAILOR'S FAITH.

In applying this text to the subject of the Society, the Rt. Rev. preacher first gave a sketch of the circumstances attending the journey of Jonah to Nineveh, and quoted the circumstance of the mariners praying during the storm that overtook them, as illustrative of the simple faith which the sailors in every age are ready to exhibit in the hour of peril, when all human aid is worthless, and none but the Lord can save. Under ordinary circumstances, the sailors may be thoughtless, reckless, and seemingly destitute of religious principle or feeling. But still, at the bottom of his heart, there is a chord of sensibility, ready to answer the appeal to God, as soon as he thinks himself in actual danger.

THE CHARACTER OF THE SAILOR.

The Rt. Rev. preacher proceeded to give an eloquent and life-like description of the peculiar character of the mariner. In the first place he is generally possessed by nature of a warm and impulsive temperament, unfavorable to the slow and systematic exercise of thought, and it generally follows that he is not governed so much by his head as by his heart. In other words, his feelings are far stronger than his judgment, and in this respect he possesses much more than other men the character of a child. This is the very character recommended to us by the express words of our divine Redeemer, and on the highest grounds of reason for, children, as we all know, are pre-eminently the creatures of feeling. Thus far the resemblance of the sailor to

the child is all in his favor, as a subject for the Gospel. The missionaries of the Society are usually able to make a salutary impression upon him with little comparative difficulty, because there are no arguments of infidelity to encounter, no worldly habits to subdue, no love of money to oppose, no pride of rank or social station to humble, no ambition for popularity or office to conquer. True it is that the heart of a sailor requires a change like that of every other man, but where the obstacles are less, it is reasonable to suppose that the success will be greater.

THE LIFE OF THE SAILOR.

In the third place, the Rt. Rev. preacher observed that this resemblance to the character of children, usually accompanied the sailor throughout life, and was the result of his peculiar circumstances. The very necessities of his chosen occupation cut him off from the world at large and bring him into contact with the pure and sublime aspects of nature. A vivid picture was here given of the duties and amusements of the sailor at sea; his companionship with the great and wonderful works of God, which falls to their lot;—"who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters;" the changes of calm and storm, winter and summer. The monsters of the deep, and the solitary birds that are seen—the phenomena of nature, the successful voyage, and the ship-wreck on the iron-bound coast, were all alluded to, and their influence on the character of the sailor deduced by the Bishop.

THE SAILOR IN PORT.

At last the sailor arrives in port, and becomes suddenly his own master with his wages in his hand. Exhilarated by the change, he easily falls a prey to the wiles of a set of unprincipled wretches, who seek only to stimulate his passions, that through their means they may obtain possession of his hard earned gains. Is it strange under all the circumstances that intemperance and debauchery gain their mournful victory for a season, and that he finds no escape from the whirlpool of iniquity?

THE CHANGE EFFECTED BY THE SOCIETY.

After detailing at length the woful condition of the mariner, when left to the clutches of the wretches who make him their victim, the Bishop proceeded to note the beneficial change marked in the prospects of the sailor by the operations of the Society. It offers the sailor precisely what he needs: friends, protection, and a home; the sympathy of a Christian pastor, the instructions of a Christian Sabbath, and the worship of the church, all accommodated expressly to his peculiar character and circumstances. It was a happy thought to institute a mission for such a purpose. It was an object worthy the zealous support of every christian community, and it must be an occasion of devout gratitude to every Christian heart that it has been so evidently prospered by an increasing interest in its support, and by many evident tokens of the Divine blessing. By the operations of this Society the sailor's eternal welfare is not only attended to, but he is better qualified for the discharge of his duties at the same time that he is elevated to the rank of a moral and religious being. This is manifest from a brief reflection on the practical workings of the system of the Society.—The missionaries and the zealous managers address the mariner when he comes to land and direct him with timely advice to the Sailors' Home or some respectable boarding house, where he is kept comparatively free from his usual temptations. On the Lord's Day he is sought at his temporary home, and personally invited to the House of Prayer, erected for his express accommodation, where he has nothing to fear from the want of a cordial welcome, since the congregation is wholly composed of those who sympathize with his class. The pastor gives him books and tracts, and everything around him is calculated to win his confidence and make a kind impression on his heart in favor of the religion of love—the life giving gospel.

THE SOCIETY WORTHY OF SUPPORT.

The results of such teachers must

be evident to all. At once, both the temporal and spiritual wants of the mariner are cared for. He is taught to pray to the Almighty protector who alone can say to the fury of the tempest, peace, be still. He is taught the value of temperance, sobriety, and continence, and is taught at the same time, to regard in a new light, the virtue of fidelity in the discharge of all his obligations to his employers and superior officers. His influence for good must be great when he goes to sea again. And from these facts, the Bishop argued that the Society was eminently worthy of support by all, but especially by the merchant, whose interests would be so much secured by the diffusion of christian principles amongst the seamen. The Rt. Rev. preacher concluded his eloquent sermon with a fervent appeal on behalf of the Society's fund.

THE COLLECTION.

After Bishop Hopkins had concluded his discourse a liberal collection was taken up for the benefit of the Society, and the congregation was dismissed with a Benediction by the Provisional Bishop.

Notices to Mariners

OCKLOCKONEE SHOAL, FLORIDA.—A bell boat has been placed at the Ocklockonee Shoal, Florida, in 3 1-4 fathoms water, the shoal bearing from it W. N. W. 1 1-4 mile distant.

The light-house at the mouth of St. Mark's river bears from the boat N. 1-2 W. (magnetic) 17 miles distant; the S. W. cape W. 1-4 N. 10 miles, and the seaward point of "South Shoal" S. W. 1-2 S. 10 miles distant. On the bearing of the St. Mark's Lighthouse, the depth of water is three fathoms or more. To carry that depth clear of the South Shoal westerly, it will be well to run from the boat S. W. by south southerly.

The boat is black and can be seen in clear weather at the distance of 8 miles. The bell is sounded by the action of the waves.

By order of the L. H. Board,

D. LEADBETTER.

Inspector, 8th L. H. Dist.
Mobile, Ala., February 26, 1856.

CAPE ELIZABETH AND WOOD ISLAND LIGHT HOUSE. Notice is hereby given that on the 1st of April, 1856, the light at present on Cape Elizabeth will be changed, so that there will be shown on that night, and during every night thereafter, a fixed light in the tower of the light now in use, and a revolving light in the tower of the old revolving light.

In coming from seaward the revolving light will in all cases be made before the fixed one. Therefore to diminish the danger of mistaking Cape Elizabeth light for Wood Island light, which is a revolving light, the latter will be changed on the first of April next to a *red* revolving light.

After that date, vessels coming from the westward will first make Wood Island, showing a *red* revolving light, and then Cape Elizabeth lights, showing two lights of the natural color, one fixed and the other revolving.

By order of the L. H. Board,

W. B. FRANKLIN.

L. H. Inspector, 1st Dist.

Portland, Feb. 29, 1856.

LIGHT-VESSEL OFF MARTIN'S INDUSTRY, SOUTH CAROLINA. A new light-vessel has been placed off the Martin's Industry Shoal, in the same position as the old one. She is schooner-rigged, with a red day mark at each mast-head. Her hull is painted red, with the words "Martin's Industry," in large white letters on each side.

Until the 15th March, 1856, she will show one bright white light, at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of the sea. After that date she will display two lights—one at each mast-head, which, of a clear night, should be seen at a distance of 11 nautical miles, from the deck of the vessel 10 feet above the water.

By order of the L. H. Board.

C. MANIGAULT MORRIS,

L. H. Inspector, 6th Dist.

Savannah, Ga., March 1, 1856.

LIGHT FOR SALAMIS ROADS AND PORT PEIRÆUS, ATHENS, GREECE.—

Official information has been received at this office, through the Department of State, that the Minister of

the Interior Department of the Kingdom of Greece has given notice that a sixth order light will be exhibited on and after the 13th March, 1856, from the tower recently erected on the Islet of Psitalie, at the distance of two miles to the westward of the entrance to the Peiræus.

This light will serve for the roads of the Salamis and for entering Port Peiræus.

The small temporary light exhibited near the tomb of Themistocles will be discontinued at the same time.

By order of the L. H. Board.

THORNTON A. JENKINS.

Secretary.

Washington City, March 26, 1856.

Disasters.

Steamship Illinois, at this port from Aspinwall, reports: March 26, 7 1-2 A. M., fell in with schr. Eliza Ann, of Tremont, Me., from Jacksonville for Boston, with a cargo of lumber; had lost bowsprit and foremast, and had a signal of distress flying; took from her the captain and crew, and brought them to this port. Captain E. states that during a severe squall on the 22d ult. the E. A. Sprung a leak and filled in five hours; all hands took to the boat which was capsized, and they being expert swimmers, they all succeeded in reaching the wreck again; after this the foremast was cut away, and she was kept under a balance reefed mainsail and all hands confined to the quarter deck for four days and nights.

Ship John Rutledge, Kelly, from Liverpool, was totally lost, Feb. 19th, by coming in contact with the ice—only one man saved. The J R. was one of the strongest vessels sailing out of this port.

Schr. Wm. Carroll, ashore at Wood End, was reported to come off at high tide 21st.

Clipper ship, Flying Arrow, Treadwell, which was dismasted in Bass's Straits, and afterwards towed to Hobson's Bay, it is thought will prove a total loss to the underwriters, as the salvage would take the hull, and it was thought from the reports of her condition, that it would not be advisable to repair her.

Barque Lucinda Sears, driven ashore, was discharging hay at Scutari wharf, on the 22d Feb., when the disaster occurred. She became a wreck in a short time; masts went by the board, and the rocks broke through her bottom. All hands saved.

Schr. Kensington, 85 days from Mexico for New York, in distress, making for St. Thomas, distance over 400 miles, was spoken 7th inst. by ship Gondar, at Charleston, 7th from Liverpool. The K. had on board the crew of the "D. A. Hobart," of Saco, abandoned at sea.

The Br barque Romulous, from St. John's, N. B., for Bristol, fallen in with water logged, 25th Feb., by ship Chariot of Fame, at Boston, which took off the captain and crew, 17 in number, and carried them to Boston.

Liverpool, Feb. 27—Barque Mangalore, Hichens, of London, for Cork for orders, from Mauritius, was abandoned on the 15th Feb., and crew taken off by the ship Emerald, Cook, from New York, at this port.

Ship Potomac, Captain Sweeney, from New York for Australia, sprung a leak and was abandoned at sea, Jan. 13th. The captain and eleven men reached the coast of Brazil five days after; the mate and five men took a boat, and have not since been heard of.

Brig Mary Ann, from Georgetown, S. C., Feb. 22d, for Boston, was abandoned 13th inst. Crew saved by barque Brothers of New Haven, Capt. Gooch, took them on board, though short of provisions at the time.

Schr. Martha, from St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, for Indianola, has been lost. It is supposed that the master and crew have all perished.

Ship Cape Cod, Crosby, of and for Boston, from Calcutta, was abandoned at sea, 4th December last.

Whaling barque Catherwood, Oliver, was lost on the west end of Marlborough Island during a thick fog and calm, about December 20.

Steamtug Leviathan, of this port, was totally destroyed by fire 20th inst., within twelve miles of Sandy Hook lighthouse.

Brig Gulnare, from Charleston, S. C., bound to Cienfuegos, was wrecked on the south east reef of Mayaguana, on the morning of the 7th. The captain, mate, and crew arrived at Grand Turk, T. I. on the 14th.

Schr. Francis, from Newfoundland, of and for Boston, (perhaps of and from Newfoundland, &c.,) was run into 1st March, off Chatham, by brig Harriett Newell, from Boston for Charleston, and soon after sank.

Ship Macaulay, at this port from Marseilles, reports: January 11th, boarded the brig Emeline, Hemingway, of and from New York, for Constantinople, leaking very badly, and her stern and cabin stove in; lost all the water, and had none for a week previous, the crew worn out by working at the pumps; took off the captain and crew with a few barrels of provisions and flour, 12th March.

Swedish barque Petrus, from Gotenburg, for Boston, was fallen in with, 12th March, by ship Sparkling Wave, and captain and crew taken off and carried to Boston.

Ship Ma. iner, Barker, from Liverpool to New Orleans, went ashore on Pickle's Reef, night of the 12th March. Assistance was promptly rendered, but the ship bilged, and nothing but the salt between decks and the materials of the ship can be saved.

Whaling barque Barclay, Tripp, off and from Westport, on a whaling cruise, was wrecked about 15 miles off Cape San Antonio, Cuba, on the 18th March. Captain and crew saved, and arrived at Mobile 25th.

Schr. Louisine, which cleared at Savannah 21st March, for this City, while off Cape Hatteras, during a heavy gale, was discovered to be on fire. Efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but it gained so rapidly upon the L. that they had to take to the boat, leaving their clothing, the chronometer, &c., on board. They were two days in the boat before they succeeded in reaching the land off the Cape.

The steamer Curlew, from Halifax, for Bermuda, ran ashore on the

North Breaker, off Bermuda, at 4 o'clock, morning of 18th March, and sunk in three minutes. The mails were lost, but the crew were saved. She was broken in two.

Brig Webster, from Canary Island, was stranded on the South side of Long Island, twelve miles west of Montauk Light, at 7 P. M., 25th March.

Clipper ship Sea Witch, is stated by Captain Lang, to have struck on the reef about twelve miles west of the port of Havana, morning of the 28th March, at 4 o'clock. A heavy sea was running, and the ship had bilged; she was three miles off the shore, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they succeeded in reaching the land through the surf.

Missing Vessels.

Barque Benjamin Adams, Merri-man, sailed from Boston, Jan. 4, for Mobile, and much anxiety is felt for her safety.

Schr. Sican, Hawley, sailed hence for Rio Janeiro, about Feb. 26, 1855, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Havana, Jones, left Charleston on the 8th of January, for North Carolina, and has not been heard of since.

Schr. Almeda, of Orland, which sailed from Bucksport, Me., Dec. 28, for the Potamac River, has not been heard from since.

Schr. Tioga, Fyler, of and from Boston for Cardenas, sailed Jan. 8th, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Worcester, Hudson, of Staten Island, sailed hence, Dec. 11th, 1855, for Elizabeth City, N. C., and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Kate Holbrook, (of Rochester), Keller, sailed from Boston, Jan. 4, in ballast, for Darien, Geo., and has not since been heard from.

A Question Answered.

DEAR SIR:—The question in the last No. of the Magazine, "Can true Piety be found and enjoyed at sea?" stirred my spirit within me; and hav-

ing more perfect knowledge in that way, I desire to give in my testimony that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. I sailed from New Bedford on my first voyage in 1839; when homeward bound, in the month of December, 1842, off Pittcairne's Island, South Pacific, in the evening, pleasant weather, crew below, myself on deck, terrible storm in my soul, more wretched than ever before, heart broken, I remembered the invitation, "come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest;" felt a desire to go, and the Lord came and met me. I received the gift of faith; happy in the Lord, felt I must tell of it; went below, said I had found the pearl of great price. Took my Bible, found it delightful reading. What a treasure! Saint Paul's Epistles seemed especially adapted to comfort and strengthen me; felt a tender conscience, love to enemies; religion seemed an easy thing. If any one wanted to know what they had to do, my answer would be *love God*. I came out with my religion and found no opposition; my cry was, "O tell me no more of this world's vain store." After my return, a month or so, I found less enjoyment, and went another voyage to regain my first love.—Now came the hour of temptation; but God was faithful. Although guilty of sin, presumptuous sin! still I never lost my God, nor hid my professions.

My third voyage I was in a whaler, —a man-of-war twenty months,—and two merchant vessels; on board of all which I came out on the Lord's side. And after 10 years at sea, I declare that, did my strength and circumstances permit, I would gladly follow the sea, before the mast, as I have always been, knowing the consolations of God would not be small with me, and "all things should work together for my good."

"Now safely moored—my perils over,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more,
The star—the star—of Bethlehem."

Yours respectfully.

A SAILOR.

POETRY.

For the Sailor's Magazine:

Death in the Surf.

[Suggested by a melancholy occurrence at Coney Island. The Rev. John H. Elliott and his daughter of Williamsburgh, N. Y., were drowned while bathing in the surf, July 25, 1855.]

Forever on that sounding shore,
The billowy waters rave;
The surges loud,
With voices proud,
Roll upward, wave by wave:
Woe, woe! that on this glorious coast,
The cry is heard,—Life, life is lost!

The cruel surge selects its prey,
It seeks for jewels rare;
O shining guide,
O gentle bride;
Hath love no angel there?
Will mercy, daughter of the sky,
Look down and see the righteous die?

They struggle,—but their God was nigh,
His chosen ones to keep;
An out-stretched hand,
The billows spanned,
And blessed them in the deep.
Great words were uttered in that wave,—
“Lord we perish!” “Lo, I save!”

Then did the circling waves unfold,
And radiant forms disclose:
Like some fair tree,
Then flowered the sea,

And stately blossoms rose;
Rose stately through the blushing air,
To heaven's high gate those blossoms fair.

Yea, *father* is a golden name,
And *daughter* pearly white:
In realms above,
These chains of love,
Grow brighter in the light,
This tender father gave me birth;
She was my daughter on the earth.

Thus angels speak. O friends below,
Bind up each bleeding heart:
Refined and tried,
Why should they bide?
Why not for home depart?
The surge rolled high, and heard no plea,
But Christ was walking on the sea.

New London, Ct., Aug. 1. F. M. C.

NOTE.—Miss Elliott was but 17 years of age. She was the affianced bride of a gentleman who was with her in the surf, and who vainly endeavored to save her life. Finding that they were both sinking, with great forbearance and self-possession she relaxed her hold of him, that he might be free, and was swept away by the next surge. Mr. Elliott went to the rescue of a lady belonging to the same bathing party, who was in danger, and was himself lost, while she was saved. He was a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, and a man of practical benevolence, widely known for his active exertions in the cause of Temperance and Sunday Schools. He was also a zealous friend of Seamen and a founder of the Family Industrial Society.

Saxe's Song of the Steamer.

Rushing thro' the ocean, rolling in the breeze,
Riding over billows, pitching into seas,
Shaking with the engine, screaming with the blast,

Mighty pleasant mode of going rather fast.

Staggering on deck because you cannot stand,
Holding on the railing with a shaking hand;
Now the floor is settling underneath your feet,
Now it heaves you up like tossing in a sheet.

Sailors looking red, and ladies looking pale,
Captain comes along, and says it's quite a gale,
Passengers enquire how long it's like to last;
Captain shakes his head—"It's rising very fast."

Gentleman in motion, looking quite distress'd,
Says he'd give his house for half an hour's rest,
Fidgety old lady wonders he could sup,
Has a poor opinion of his bringing up.

Invalid complaining not the slightest doubt
Another fit of straining will turn him inside out;
Lady on the sofa, lying dead almost,
Nothing more to give up, unless it be the ghost.

Gentleman in upper berth little sleep enjoys,
Gentleman beneath is making such a noise;
Gentleman in lower berth, timid sort of chap,
'Fraid to put his head out, fear of some mishap.

Dinner bell is ringing, dishes under cover,
Glasses pitching round, and gravy pitching over;
Half the chairs are empty, folks are out of joint,
Could not bring their minds up to a sticking point.

Villainous beef-eaters, been to sea before,
Eat five meals a day, 'cause not content with four—

Soup, and fish, and turkeys, ham and cheese for lunch,
Mutton, pork, and oysters, ale and whiskey Punch.

Miserable sick ones looking on in wonder,
Question how they do it, in the name of thunder;

Gormandizing rascals say it's all a sham:
Recommend, to cure them, pork, and tripe, and ham.

Weather getting smoother, stomachs getting quiet,
Passengers, more tranquil, try a little diet;
Many come to life whose company was miss'd;
'Stead of playing possum, now they're playing whist.

Tea in requisition, gossip gets about;
Some are growing curious, finding others out:
Wonder where they came from; wonder what they're doing;

Wonder what their names are; wonder where they're going.

Legislative member puts an end to doubt;
Colonel in disguise begins to let it out;
Both are going to London; nothing shall prevent them;

Mean to see the minister; think he must present them.

Cunning-visaged Yankee, looking sharp and slim,

Says he guesses folks won't come it over him;
Means to shave his dinners; prudent like a monk,

Got a pound of candles lock'd up in his trunk.

Swaggering Western rowdy will do as he sees fit.

Means to go to Fenton's; means to smoke and spit;

Keeps a pair of pistols, wears a bowie-knife;
Never took an insult, never in his life.

Sturdy looking lender claps him on the back,
"Pay your borrowed money; give us less of clack."

Aggravated rowdy bullies more and more;
Captain says, "We'll fix him when we get ashore."

Man has got a gimcrack patented anew;
Going abroad to sell it; offers it to you;
Speaks of wooden nutmegs, very fine device,
Much more economical than any other spice.

Greenhorn going to London to see the Coliseum;
Heard of gladiators, wishes much to see 'em;
Uncle went to Florence; now, on his return,
Thinks the Pitti Palace a pitiful concern.

Gentleman of business, dealing in hardware,
Going straight to Sheffield to see how prices are;
Lady and her daughter, travelling express,
Mean to take a courier, cost it more or less.

Dandy must resort with gentlemen of rank;
Learns the best hotel is summit of Mount Blanc;
Nobody resides there but the highest class,
Acquiescent company write him down an ass.

Lady getting nervous, sees a ship in sight,
Hopes they will not run us down sudden in the night.

Gentleman resolving, if he gets ashore,
He'll spend his life on t'other side, and never Steam it more.

Rushing thro' the ocean, rolling in the breeze,
Heaving o'er billows, pitching into seas,
Shaking with the engine, screaming with the blast.

Comfortable thing to be arrived at last.

Look Aloft.

[The following beautiful lines are founded upon the little story said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship boy, who was about to fall from the mast-head, and was only saved by the mate's impressive exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber!" They were written by the late Jonathan Lawrence, Jr., a member of the New York bar, who died in 1833.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale

Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,

"Look aloft!" and be firm and be tearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,

"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly.

Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,

The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,

To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh, when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,

And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

New York, May, 1856.

Twenty-Eight Anniversary.

The Anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society will be celebrated in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Monday evening May 5, at half past 7 o'clock. After the public services Trustees will be elected for the ensuing year.

Seamen and their friends are heartily invited to attend.

Autobiography of a Bible.

[Continued.]

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." And so confidence and increased usefulness were given me by the companionship of my Scotch friend. After spending a few weeks in a notch of the Highlands, where I met with numbers of my Biblical relatives, and where I was revered and loved as a gift from heaven, we came to London, and the next day were running down the channel in a good ship bound to the golden gates of the Pacific. Most of our company, both seamen and passengers, were Englishmen; and almost every one flattering himself with unbounded suc-

cess in digging gold. Long and frequent were their discussions on the best places and modes of mining, of crushing the auriferous quartz, of washing out the golden grains, of the number of ounces to be secured daily and monthly, and of the castles to be built with the proceeds. One intended to purchase a valuable estate in the county of Buckingham, convert one hundred acres of it into a beautiful park, and erect a mansion in the true Elizabethian order. Another would lay out his in the city of London, so as, both in style and equipage, to equal any of his neighbors. Another had an observatory in view, to be called after his own name, to be the resort of the scientific from all parts of the world, and more celebrated than that of Sir John Rosse. Another planned large mercantile enterprises; he intended to lay nearly all Africa, and more than half of the East India Islands under contribution to him; and in twenty years to have a ship arrive in the Thames monthly, laden with the richest cargo. Others intended to get married and build palaces for their queens. These and similar speculations occupied their waking and sleeping thoughts across

the Equator, and around the Cape of storms; so that I was left to muse with my friend the Scotch sailor boy alone. Again and again he sought an opportunity for me to speak to the company, but as often came with a sad heart and told me, "nae gude,—a' the world is in their hearts." He however seemed to love me the more for their neglect.

But an incident occurred which loosed my tongue. One day, in the midst of their presumptions of long life and boundless wealth, my friend referred to me as having more practical good sense than all of them and appealed to my sayings to verify his remark. This raised a breeze which called me into their presence to speak for myself. I began by telling them the story of the rich fool recorded in Luke 12: 16–21; how he would build and fill barns, and neglect his soul, and in the end lose barns, goods, soul and all. And by way of application, I said, "Go to now, ye that say, to day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life?"

"What do you know about gold?" angrily answered one of them; "If you are agoing to preach to us, you had better put on your gown and bands."

"Gold!" I replied, I know, "they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown man in destruction and perdition."

"But what about *Gold*?"

Answer. "How much better to get wisdom than gold."

"Why?"

Answer. "For wisdom is a de-

fence, and money is a defence; but the excellency of knowledge is that knowledge giveth *life* to them that have it."

"Well give me the money and I will look out for a defence."

I replied, so thought Achan; so thought Judas; but "Riches profit not in the day of wrath."

By this time the company were far from being in an amicable mood; they evidently felt the truth of my declaration, and wished to parry its force. One asked about the weather, and was answered by another, saying it would be a fine time for mining.—One spoke of the contemplated Railroad across the American continent, and was answered by a wish that it were already done on the western end as far as the mines. Another hoped that the Indians of California and Oregon were subdued, especially in the gold regions. Another argued the comparative value of these, and the acres of Australia with particular reference to their mineral wealth.

Thus it was apparent that gold, and not God, was in all their thoughts.—As they approached the end of the voyage they grew impatient as mariners on short allowance of bread and water. The desire for the glittering dust became intensified, like heat created by the compound blow-pipe.—No chance for me to utter another word of counsel, or caution, even on the Lord's day. And no sooner was the anchor let go within the long-looked-for gates, than they fled as if from a pestilence-stricken ship, while I was left to my own reflections, and to give further instruction and comfort to my Scotch friend. See, said I, an illustration of what I have so often said—"the love of money is the root of all evil." During our

whole voyage the word and works of the great God had been, as far as possible, ignored, and compelled to give place to their golden speculations. So full were their minds of these, that there had been no room for anything else. "O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness." "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

Four days after we repassed the gates, in a brig, Capt. Wilmarth, for the Sandwich Islands. He was a man who feared God, and daily called all hands to worship Him. Every day I spoke to them of the things that belonged to their peace—especially of Christ, and salvation through his blood. During the passage two of the sailors professed to have passed from death unto life. One of them, a Portuguese, earnestly begged that I would accompany him to his home in Brazil, and there speak to his friends as I had spoken words of comfort to his own soul. My Scotch friend offered to get him in Honolulu another just like myself, only in his own native language. "No," he replied, "I read English; in English la Biblia has told me of Jesu, and I want this. I tell it all in Portuguese to my friends. I pay money—any money. No la Biblia in Brazil." So the Scotch sailor parted with me with a moistened eye, not for money but for love, and expressing the earnest hope that I might make many live happy and die happy on the banks of the Rio Parana. I go then to a beautiful land, greatly adorned and blessed by its Maker, but sadly darkened, and cursed by a false religion. One day I shall be heard from again—it may be "in souls renewed and sins forgiven."

The Sailor Speaking for Himself.

"Is this the place where a Sailor can speak for himself?" asked a man of about fifty, as he entered our office. His appearance indicated both that he had something to say, and ability to say it. Yes, he was answered, *speak on*. He then told his story, and received such advice and assistance as were suited to his case.

"Where a Sailor can speak for himself?" The implication in the question is twofold. First, that the sailor finds it difficult to get suitable persons to speak for him; and secondly, that he sometimes fails of getting a place to speak for himself.

He has tried a certain class of lawyers, and has so often been swindled that he has no confidence in the legal profession. Having made the acquaintance principally of counterfeits, he casts the genuine and counterfeit overboard together. He has tried his shipmaster and officer, and so often been rebuffed that he has no hope from that quarter.

He has tried the owner for whom he has sailed, and has found him either too busy, too indifferent, or too prejudiced to advocate his case with manly earnestness and justice. So he becomes his own advocate. But where shall he stand? Not within the bar of a Court Room. Not abaft the mast. Not in the Counting Room; and at length finds his way to the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, asking "Is this the place where a sailor can speak for himself?"

We have quoted this instance from a large unpublished volume of similar cases; not with the view of indiscriminate and sweeping censure, for this would be manifest injustice.—

Not with a view of widening the difference and distance between Sailors and their employers and commanders; for it is our earnest desire to make them less. Not with a view of encouraging sailors to speak where they ought to be silent; to talk about suing for redress where they themselves perhaps, deserve the severest chastisement. Nor least of all to encourage the unspeakably mean spirit, and habit of grumbling.

But to say that the *sailor should have the place and the opportunity to speak for himself.*

He should have it *on shipboard*; not as a courtesy, but as a right to be exercised, without either a cringing servility, or an air of demand.

Perhaps the bread is mouldy and full of worms; and the beef is too near a state of putrefaction to be either palatable or healthful. It may be that an officer has a pique, or an Indian grudge against one of the men, and is using his official position and power, to "use him up." Or some bully in the fore-castle with the spirit that would reign in hell rather than serve in heaven, is inflicting the cruelty of his tyranny on one physically weaker than himself. Or as in every other community, there are other wrongs, great or small, which it is in the power and prerogative of the executive government to redress.

In all such cases, let the sailor have access to the ear, and patience and wisdom of the master, that so far as practicable his real grievances may be removed. Nor let the master feel, in granting this access, he is either compromising his dignity, or lessening his power of command; but increasing both in the growing love and respect of his men. The day for governing men, out of prison, by brute force, ought long since to have

set to rise no more. And commanders who have not yet learned a more excellent way should go back to the fore-castle, or abandon the sea.

The sailor should also have a chance to speak for himself *on shore*. Especially in the Counting Room of his employer. On his return from each voyage, let him, from choice and the invitation of the ship-owner, repair at once to his counting room; not merely to receive the wages due him, but mainly to show that he is not ashamed to confront his officers in meeting the report of his conduct, and receive, if meritorious, such an expression of approval and personal interest as shall encourage him in the ways of well-doing. To an ambitious young sailor, aiming to do his duty, and rise in his profession, such an expression is worth more than a bag of gold.

There too let both the sailor and his commander speak out his grievances for mal-treatment; his regrets for misconduct, and his purposes in the future. It will tend to mutual good feeling, and contribute to the manliness of each.

Does any seaman feel that this would be too humbling? He has yet to learn from the Great Teacher the first lesson in true greatness and glory. *He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*

While we thus advocate the right and the duty of the sailor to speak for himself; and while we will patiently hear him, and do for him all in our power, he need not expect us to palliate his faults, or pardon his continued wrong-doing. We have recently had occasion to use sharpness of speech, and must again and again use the language of severe rebuke; till the sailor shall learn and

practice a manly obedience and respect to his superiors, and develope that nobility of character so characteristic of the true seaman.

Mariners' Church, N. Y.

We are permitted to make the following interesting extract from the Rev. Chas. J. Jones' Report—about to be published entire:—

We may not hope to arrive at even the approximate results of this labor, until the "Judgment is set and the books are opened." Yet we are not left without some evidence of the fact that the seed soon has taken root to the glory of God. We are permitted even here to know that the Word of God can no more return to him void, than the rain and snow can come down from heaven and return, without giving "seed to the sower and bread to the eater." We are allowed a first fruits—which encourages us to wait for the early and latter rain that shall bring in the abundant harvest.

During the period embraced in this Report, (which includes the two preceding reports,) there have been noted down, as anxiously enquiring the way of life, *Sixty Seven*, and as *hopefully converted Fifty-Eight*. Of these sixty-seven anxious ones I have not found more than *six* who have lost their anxiety; and of the *Fifty Eight*, whom we had reason to hope had passed from death into life, *eight* have since given indications of a want of thoroughness in the work; in other words—that they were mistaken in their hopes, leaving but *Fifty* hopeful conversions. Five of those fifty have died in the Lord. The rest, or most of them, are at sea; some in California; some in China; some in the Mediterranean, and others at extreme points of the earth's surface, wielding their influence for Christ. The evidences of this fact are before me, and are by no means few—indeed it would be easy to take up the whole time allotted to this Report, with quotations from their correspondence alone. I select a few brief sentences only from the letters

in my possession—received since those which were previously published. E. G. The mate of a brig writes from Ponce Porto Rico: "I will tell you a little of what is doing, or being done afloat. In every port is visible to the most prejudiced mind, the marked improvements in the habits and condition of seamen—morally, intellectually, and physically. A mighty change has taken place since I commenced a nautical career; thanks, *many* thanks to temperance and the seamen's friends. I have not witnessed one case of drunkenness, but very little profanity, and less immorality. The most licentiousness or extravagance and indulgence in vice, has been among the higher order or grade of seamen, viz., the officers. Many seamen of all grades have visited our Brig, inquiring for books, papers, magazines, &c., to whom I gave all I received from you—as well also, as many books from my own library. I could not supply the demand—nor can I forget the thanks with which they were received.

"I have some misgivings as to our safe arrival. The vessel is very leaky and very old, and will be heavily loaded. My hopes in Almighty God are strong. I feel ready to depart whenever he shall chose to call me."

Another, under date of May 30h, '55, says: "I drop you a line to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe you and your wife—as instruments in the divine hand, by which were imparted to my spiritual necessities that aid, which kept me from despair, and enabled me like a dying man in some degree, to resign my all to the will of him, who had for thirty-five years endured in long suffering with my unbelief and backsliding. Among the books you gave me was a copy of the '*Anxious Inquirer*.' It has been a great blessing to me; I found in perusing its pages such good as my poor tongue can never utter. '*Baxter's Call*,' and '*God Speaking by Facts*,' paid me richly for the reading. My humble prayer to God is, that he will pour out more richly, on poor seamen, the graces of His Holy Spirit—through the blood of the Lamb. May the

Lord abundantly pay you for your labor of love, by permitting you to see multitudes returning to God with ashes on their heads."

Mobile Bay Report.

The winter has been severe, as to cold, wind, and storms. This has frequently cut off approach by small boats, to and from the ships. The exact number of attendance I will add to the Report before it is closed.

The religious influence over the Hospital patients has been very great. No one has remained long in the Hospital who has not had, at least some sober reflections. I have attempted, as God's grace aided me, to make our morning and evening prayer seasons, times of close remark and feeling prayer. In reading the Scriptures I began with the Acts of the Apostles, and read more or less at a time; eight or ten verses or a chapter, and applied the truths of faith and repentance or conversion to those present. Not long had I continued this before some expressed hope in Christ. You will find examples of these in the Sailor's Magazine for March, 1856. When I had finished the Acts of the Apostles, I next read the book of Nehemiah, and spoke of the bold character of the Prophet. Here again I could bless God that a few resolved to serve God with the same boldness. Next I took up the Gospel of Mathew, and am now near the end of that of Mark.

Often has the tear stole down the cheek. The sailor has cursed profanely under my surgical knife, and made the ship ring with groans and oaths as I cut away his mangled flesh, when just received on the ship. In a day or two he has read his Bible and cursed no more while with us. From one I amputated two toes, and dressed his crushed foot amid language of the vilest character. Six days after he died of tetanus or lock-jaw, with prayers to God amid his immovable teeth, and kind messages to his mother.

Another blasphemed. A week after he said, "Dr. my brothers and sisters are doing well in the world. I was a Sunday-school scholar, in a Bethel

Chapel; but now I am a poor wretch tossed over the seas. My God! how I have sinned! Can I be forgiven?" He left us a few days ago with the words, "I will go back to my friends, as I hope I have gone to Christ."

The labor amid the fleet has been greatly interrupted by bad weather and the want of a small boat; yet I have attempted to do all I could prudently do. The small boat bought in New-York City, has added to the efficacy of the out-door service of the ships. In this egg-shell your chaplain has been carried through many a rough wave already. Few who are at a quiet home know even the roughness of such a Bay as this. On land a walk of half-a-mile is no trifle: but here, with a strong adverse wind and tide, I have been over an hour with a boat manned by six men, in making six hundred feet. The influence of perils on the religious mind, is to make one feel near to God; on the Godless sailor, it is to drive him on in his sins.

I have planned many a mode of reaching the sailor. One is to hold religious services on each ship. The weather and other matters have sadly interrupted this, yet on quite a number of ships it has been a means of good. I held a service of that kind on the large and beautiful ship, "Morning Light," at 5 P.M., one Sabbath afternoon. About forty of the crew and stevedores were present. I took the parable of the Sower. Remarkd that we all had something beyond this life; and in our hearts truth fell, by the wayside, &c., or produced fruit. It was a season of free remark followed by prayer. The mate said on my leaving, "This is the way to do sailors good. They will be glad at any time for such a service."

Another service was on a ship just as they went to sea. Here I had three professed christians to aid me. Some of these little meetings were with enquirers.

The approach to sailors during day time is very difficult. The heaving of the ballast, on first arrival is a labor that prevents conversation. Then, when the "cotton gang" is formed, and the cotton is screwed in the hold

by screws of great power, it is a very laborious and noisy employment. The songs they sing are not religious, and they cut off all conversation.

It is believed that your chaplain has the respect and good will of all in the Bay. Much confidence is shown him in his medical capacity. Attempts have been made to try his patience and forbearance by swearing excessively in his presence, and other like modes of annoyance. But they have been met with patience; and afterwards of respect paid to him.

The influence of the ship is good. It is a light in the Bay amid the 900 sailors this moment in the fleet. Yet I have to regret the want of full audiences on the Sabbath; and that when I would do good, I cannot effect what I would. The sailors of the Ocean are not a class of men who love God, or desire to meet truth. Satan lurks in his stronghold, the fore-castle. I am often pained at inexcusable sin. I am grieved with the thoughtless, weak minded sailor, whose only desire is to do only as little duty as possible for God or man, and expend in grog and sin all he earns.

My remarks in the Sailors' Magazine for March, 1856, on the advanced wages of seamen are just and might be made more fully, to show that not an evil of sailor's life exists that is not aggravated by this. God only can save the sailor. A little experience with them will show that. The labor of the American Seaman's Friend Society is great—great to show those on land what they have to do with the sea; and the sailor how to find the Saviour.

Preaching in a familiar way has been regular by your chaplain since his arrival, and will be continued until about the 5th of June. Two services on the ship—at 10 1-2 and 3 P. M. The attendance has been from 15 to 90 at each service during the season.

SAMUEL J. PARKER,
Chaplain and Physician.

Canton Chaplaincy.

The friends of seamen will be gratified to learn that Rev. James C.

Beecher, youngest son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, has been appointed Chaplain to Seamen at Whampoa, the anchorage of Canton, and has sailed with his family for his field of labors in the ship "Wild Pigeon," Captain Hanson, the Messrs. Olyphant of this city, generously giving them a free passage. Mr. Beecher is a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Ocean; having been connected with each *Institution* four years. In the last named he soon rose from a *freshman* in the fore-castle to a first officer on the quarter deck. His seafaring experience, together with superior mental and spiritual qualifications, give promise of distinguished usefulness in that important field.

Account of Moneys.

From March 15, to April 15, 1856.

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

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| Rev. J. B. Cook, Wells, Me., (amt. ack. below.) | |
| Rev. Giles Leach, do. do. do. | |
| Caleb L. Nettleton, by Cong.'l Soc., Stockbridge, Mass., | 36 00 |
| Deacon Smith S. Morrill, Northfield, N. H. (balance) by Con. Soc., Sanbornton, N. H., | 6 00 |
| Martha A. Custice, by do. do., (in part), | 6 00 |
| Mrs. Sarah P. Blake, by Ladies' Sewing Society, 1st Cong. Soc., Waterbury, Ct. | 20 00 |
| Rev. Jonathan Cogswell, D. D. New Brunswick, N. J. | 20 00 |

Donations.

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| From Con. Soc., Torrington, Ct., | 15 36 |
| " Pres. Ch., Chester, N. Y., (addition), | 14 28 |
| " Meth. Epis. Ch., do, do., | 1 00 |

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|---|--------|
| From Second Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeepsie, N. Y. | 18 56 |
| " Eli Moody, Erving, Mss., | 3 00 |
| " Con. Soc., West. Con- cord, N. H., | 8 00 |
| " An Old Sailor, N. Y., | 5 00 |
| " Dr. E. Cross, Newbury Port, Mass., | 2 00 |
| " Young Ladies Circle, Wells, Me., | 30 00 |
| " Sabbath School Class, First Con. Soc., Wells, Me., | 2 45 |
| " First Con. Soc., do. do., | 10 55 |
| " Master Nelson Kibly, Denny, Ill., to pur- chase a Bible for a poor Sailor, | 1 00 |
| " Payson Ch. and Soc., East Hampton, Mass, | 46 16 |
| " H. M. Paine, Clinton, N. Y., | 2 00 |
| " C. Van. Cleef, New Hackensack, N. J., | 2 00 |
| " Jasper Corning, N. Y., | 10 00 |
| " Wm. R. Post, South- hampton, N. Y., | 5 00 |
| " Rev. J. N. Lewis, N. Y., | 10 00 |
| " Rev. Daniel Sawyer, S. Merrimack, N. H., | 2 00 |
| " R. B. Minturn, N. Y., | 25 00 |
| " Hon. J. F. Randolph, Trenton, N. J., | 10 00 |
| " John C. Green, N. Y., | 100 00 |
| " Wm. M. Halsted, " | 25 00 |
| " A Friend of Seamen, W. Chesterfield, Mass, | 1 00 |
| " Con. Soc., Winstead, Ct. | 14 00 |
| " Con. Soc., Boscawen, N. H., | 18 00 |
| " A Friend in Lempster, N. H., | 1 00 |
| " A Friend in Baltimore, Maryland, | 1 00 |
| " Pres Ch., Port Chester, N. Y., | 14 00 |
| " Rev. Jer. Miller, Phila- delphia, Penn., | 5 00 |
| " Ref. Dutch Ch., Flat- bush, N. Y., | 55 32 |
| " Pres. Ch., Caldwell, N. J., | 45 04 |
| " Reuben Roundy, Lemp- ster, N. H., | 2 00 |
| " The Church of the Pil- grims, Brooklyn, in- cluding subscription | 306 96 |
| " Cong. Church & Soc. North Stonington Ct. | 15 00 |

Legacies.

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| Late Bathsheba French, Dra- cut, Mass., (balance), | 18 25 |
| Late Henry Whittelsey, of Catskill, N. Y., | 357 14 |

\$1,290 07

Sailor's Home, New York,

The Young Ladies Seamen's Fr.'d
Soc'y, Attleboro, Mass, 3 Quilts, 2
Comfortables, 6 Shirts.

Sailor's Home, Mobile, Ala.

Ladies of Gainsville, Ala., to refur-
nish the Gainsville Room in the
Home. for Mrs. H. Mobley, \$30.

Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

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| Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch. | 200 00 |
| Chelsea Winnimisset " | 141 50 |
| Westboro Cong. Society. | 59 44 |
| T. R. Marvin, Boston. | 10 00 |
| First Cong. Soc. Wrentham. | 9 75 |
| Ladies' S. F. Soc. Beverly to make Mrs. Mary B. Rich, L. M. | 20 00 |
| Church and Soc. in E. Med- way. | 28 88 |
| South Hadley, 1st Cong Ch. and Society, to make Em- ma E. Hastings, L. M. | 24 30 |
| Hatfield Cong. Society, | 85 00 |
| South Reading Cong. Society to make Emily O. Stud- dard, L. M. | 27 00 |
| Amherst 2d Cong. Ch. to make Mr. Benoni Rust L. M. | 26 00 |
| Monson Cong. Ch. and Soc. to make Rev. T. G. Col- ton, Dea D D. Moody, Dea Marcus Chapin and S. K. Foster, L. Ms. | 84 47 |
| Montague Cong. Church and Society to make Willard A. Bancroft, L. M. | 27 00 |
| Dracutt 1st Cong. Soc. | 5 50 |
| Pepperill Evang. Orthodox Ch. | 4 70 |
| Rockport 1st. Cong. Soc. to make Mathew S. Giles, L.M. | 20 00 |